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O C C A S I O N A L
S T A N Z A S,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF
THE REVOLUTION SOCIETY,
AND RECITED ON THEIR ANNIVERSARY,

NOVEMBER 4, 1788.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM,
DURING HIS CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND, 1690;

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

M. DCC. LXXXVIII.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

Entered at Stationers Hall.

Χαιρετε ακουοντες οταν τις επαινη της προγονες υμων
και τα πεπραγμενα εκεινοις διεξιη και τροπαια λεγη. Νο-
μιζετε τοιουν ταυτα αναθηναι της προγονες υμων εκ ινα
θαυμαζητε ταυτα θεωρωντες μονον αλλ' ινα και μιμησθε
τας των αναθεντων αρετας.

DEMOSTHENES, pro Rhodiorum Libertate.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

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O C C A S I O N A L
S T A N Z A S, &c.

I.

DE A R is the face of cloudless night,
And dear each radiant starry guide,
To men whom science and renown invite
To steer the venturous bark thro' seas untried ;
So dear to every generous race
The lustre beaming from their fires,
Whose distant deeds 'tis ecstasy to trace,
Whose fame, re-echoing from unnumber'd lyres,
Grows with increasing time, and every age inspires.

B

II. Amid

II.

Amid wild nature's rudest reign,
 That dauntless Cook's keen eye survey'd,
 The veriest savage of the Southern main
 The debt of just commemoration paid;
 He sung of buried Chiefs, in whom
 Young valour might a model see :
 Britain ! blest isle, where social virtues bloom,
 Reflect what honours must be due from thee
 To those who knew thee brave, and taught thee to be free.

III.

Is it an art of curious care
 To guard the rights deriv'd from God ?
 And will not Valour's native impulse tear
 From Tyranny's weak grasp Oppression's rod ?
 Thus ardent youth, perchance, may ask :
 But patient toil from age to age,
 When Fortitude and Wisdom plied the task,
 The toil of many a chief and many a sage,
 Secur'd not Freedom's Fane from Superstition's rage.

IV. In

IV.

In vain the Barons bravely fix'd
 The ground-work of that glorious Fane ;
 In vain, when Faith, with Papal art unmix'd,
 Shed Heav'n's pure radiance on this fair domain,
 Th' enlighten'd spirits of our isle,
 True heirs of Freedom's ancient race,
 With ardour added to her stately pile
 Columns of clearer vein and firmer grace ;
 The dome their virtue deck'd was shaken to its base.

V.

Recall'd by an apostate King,
 The fiends, long banish'd hence, return,
 To poison Liberty's life-feeding spring,
 And taint the stream of Truth's celestial urn :
 The basest of the hellish horde,
 Barbarity, with pride assumes
 From fainting Justice her polluted sword ;
 While Superstition, mad with Fortune's fumes,
 Shakes on the darken'd throne her blood-distilling plumes.

VI.

O'erwhelm'd where most her bounty smil'd,
 Astonish'd Freedom gasp'd for breath,
 And her sunk voice was feeble as a child
 In its first struggle with untimely death ;
 But the safe infant's vital sound
 To the fond parent lost in fear,
 Left haply new-imparted life be drown'd,
 Is not more welcome, more sublimely dear,
 Than Freedom's suppliant voice to Virtue's generous ear.

VII.

For Britain, and for human kind,
 To raise the prostrate form of Law,
 Attentive Virtue held her seat, enshrin'd
 In thy unconquerable soul, NASSAU !
 Heroes, by victory more carest,
 The fiery bolts of war have hurl'd,
 And conquerors have liv'd of earth the pest ;
 But Glory's self, from all her flags unfurl'd,
 Counts not a name like thine a blessing to the world.

VIII. De-

VIII.

Depress'd, dishonour'd, wrong'd, enthrall'd,
 Withering in shame's soul-blighting shade,
 To thee our deeply-suffering Country call'd,
 As innocence to Heaven, secure of aid :
 For well she knew thy spirit's force,
 Which, firm as a defensive tower,
 Checking outrageous devastation's course,
 Stood, in thy Nation's dark despairing hour,
 The champion of Distress, the scourge of lawless power.

IX.

Purest of princely names ! unsway'd
 By base ambition's sordid springs,
 In thee the rescued world was richly paid
 For the oppressive crimes of prouder kings :
 The Gallic despot, in his dreams
 Of wide unlimited controul,
 Tho' flattery, rich in fancy's magic beams,
 Blazon'd him high on Glory's gorgeous roll,
 Sunk into dim eclipse beneath thy brighter soul.

X. As

X.

As in the seas, where sultry air
 The wildly-tortuous wave impels,
 Hideous, and hostile to the seaman's prayer,
 The watery column of perdition swells:
 Yet haply a corrective power
 The vex'd and maddening waters feel;
 Tho' in their spiral force Fate seems to lower,
 The mass, portentous to the vessel's weal,
 Dissolves at the approach of science-pointed steel.

XI.

So, rais'd by Bigotry's hot breath,
 And pregnant with unnumber'd woes,
 With every form of danger and of death,
 Here the strange bulk of Tyranny arose;
 And so, when Freedom's darken'd isle
 The baleful prodigy deplor'd,
 So, brave NASSAU! this sudden upstart pile,
 This public misery's tempestuous hoard,
 Dispers'd before the point of thy preserving sword.

XII. Science,

XII.

Science, Religion, every power
 Friendly to earth and true to Heaven,
 Exulted in the blest and bloodless hour,
 When Freedom's sceptre to thy sway was given :
 The probity that rul'd thy heart,
 And taught the fearful to rejoice,
 Scorning to awe with force or lure with art,
 Left rescu'd Liberty's reviving voice
 To fix in free debate the sovereign of her choice.

XIII.

Conscious of all a monarch's care,
 And firm his duties to fulfil,
 Thy generous spirit, with a guardian's air,
 Receiv'd the gift of her unbiass'd will :
 By Freedom crown'd, for her thy life,
 That never fear'd the storms of Fate,
 Was freely stak'd in peril's distant strife,
 When, arm'd with Gallic war's presumptuous weight,
 The recreant JAMES reclaim'd his abdicated state.

XIV. The

XIV.

The Boyne's proud banks with triumph ring,
 With sounds that tell to every land,
 That Freedom, happy in her chosen king,
 Trusted her battle to no feeble hand :
 Nor victory's shouts, that round thee rose,
 Nor flying terror's suppliant call,
 Prais'd thee, NASSAU ! like pæans from thy foes,
 When France, who heard of one infidious ball *,
 Indulg'd a coward's joy on thy imagin'd fall.

* William had no sooner arrived, than he rode along the side of the river, in the sight of both armies, to make his observations upon the field, which was next day to determine James's fate and his own. The enemy having observed him sit down upon the ground while he was writing notes of what he had observed, sent into a field opposite to him two field-pieces, concealed in their centre, and had orders to drop the cannon unperceived behind a hedge as they marched along. These guns were deliberately aimed at his horses, and when he mounted, were discharged ; the balls killed several of his followers, and one of them wounded himself in the shoulder : a shout from the Irish camp rent the skies ; a report that he was killed instantly flew through Ireland, and in an incredible short space of time reached Paris. The guns of the Bastile were fired, the city was illuminated, and all men congratulated each other as upon the greatest of victories.

DALRYMPLE, Vol. I. p. 436.

XV. While

XV.

While bleeding on Ierne's shore,
 England, thy brave Deliverer fought,
 What various doubts thy anxious bosom tore !
 With what just fears was every moment fraught !
 But, to preserve thee from dismay,
 He left a Regent pure and bright ;
 And, like the absent ruler of the day,
 That his soft delegate might cheer the fight,
 Fill'd her benignant soul with his reflected light.

XVI.

MARY, sweet partner of his throne,
 So truly to his spirit join'd,
 With mutual aid your mingled virtues shone,
 Like social talents in one perfect mind ;
 To thee, whom, with thy martial Lord,
 Heav'n form'd to gild our darkest days,
 May tender Truth strike Honour's tuneful chord,
 As long as Freedom to her friends shall raise
 Her high heroic hymn of heart-suggested praise.

XVII.

And O! while crown'd with silvery clifts,
 Symbols of her commercial reign,
 Britain her fair imperial presence lifts
 Above the billows of the subject main ;
 So long, array'd in Honour's robe,
 May Freedom hail each favourite name,
 Who taught this speck of earth to awe the globe ;
 So long may Glory, in her songs, proclaim
 The Champions of our Rights, the Founders of our Fame.

XVIII.

Whether, in Fortune's evil hour,
 They shar'd the martyr'd RUSSELL's fall ;
 Or call'd, like CA'NDISH, to heroic power,
 And saw felicity succeed the call ;
 Still, Britain, blest, through every age,
 Each ardent friend of equal laws,
 And most the generous Chief, and perfect Sage,
 NASSAU and SOMERS, who, in Freedom's cause,
 Toil'd to befriend mankind, unbrib'd by their applause.

XIX. That

XIX.

That tranſient honour might be gain'd,
 How oft, by Falſhood's ſubtle vow,
 Has thy pure name, O Freedom! been profan'd,
 Tho' Heaven abhors not falſhood more than thou!—
 Thro' every clime thy feet have trod,
 In this abuſe thy power we ſee;
 Miſcreants who injur'd man, and mock'd their God,
 The ſlaves of Hell, affecting to be free,
 Have ever loudly feign'd a reverence for thee.

XX.

Be known to unſuſpecting youth,
 Both by thy fruits, and by thy ſource;
 Thy parents, Fortitude and Heavenly Truth!
 Thy offspring, Safety, Honour, Wealth, and Force!—
 A century has now confirm'd
 The bleſſings that in thee we find;
 Then, Freedom! be this ſeaſon ever term'd
 Thy Jubilee, where no illuſions blind,
 But juſtly-founded joy invigorates the mind.

XXI.

Britain! dear parent, if to thee
 My voice, unstain'd by servile art,
 Pays reverence due, and, proud to hail thee free,
 Pours the true fervour of a filial heart;
 If thou hast ever rul'd my lyre,
 Thus let thy inspiration run;
 Let each who hears it, catching Patriot fire,
 Prize, above all by slavish interest won,
 The blessing to be prov'd thy undegenerate son.



QUEEN

QUEEN MARY

T O

KING WILLIAM,

DURING HIS CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND, 1690.

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem was written several years ago, and arose from the recent publication of the Queen's original and most interesting letters, which Sir John Dalrymple inserted in the Appendix to his Memoirs of Great Britain. The number of these letters amounts to thirty-seven; they exhibit the character of this admirable woman in the most affecting point of view, and fully justify all the praise that has been given to the tenderness of her heart and the dignity of her mind. The Poem, which is but a kind of echo to her genuine sentiments, had been thrown aside, with many other verses which the author has kept in privacy, from the fear of trespassing too frequently on the indulgence of the public; but he has been induced to print it with the preceding Stanzas, from the idea that it may find favour in the sight of those who love to dwell, at this particular season, on the great characters which it attempts to delineate.

Q U E E N M A R Y

T O

K I N G W I L L I A M.

O NCE more reliev'd, by midnight's welcome hour,
 From all the busy train of anxious power,
 My soul, O WILLIAM! from their bondage free,
 Joys in that freedom, and is flown to thee;
 Like the poor Martyr in religion's cause,
 Who, if the hand of Persecution pause,
 With Love devout, with warmth of Prayer intense,
 Strains every thought, and each recovering sense,
 Humbly to ask new spirit from his God,
 To bear each future pang of torture's rod:

I

To

To thee I bend, my succour and my pride,
 Whose love sustains me, and whose counsels guide.
 While War, that turns from hence his tide of blood,
 Bears thy great spirit on his swelling flood,
 Eager to end, regardless of thy life,
 The wasting storm of sanguinary strife;
 While compass'd round with growing fears I stand,
 The trembling Guardian of this troubled land;
 While robb'd of thee, whose animating sight
 Turns doubt to joy, and terror to delight,
 I feel, instead of thy protecting care,
 Fear for thy life—the worst of fears to bear—
 O! may thy letters, Ministers of Peace,
 Bid my vain terror for thy safety cease;
 O! let them frequent, fraught with love, impart
 Thy noble spirit to this weaker heart,
 Which yet, too conscious of its failing power,
 Strains every nerve, in each oppressive hour,
 To keep thy precious estimation still;
 Eager to find and happy to fulfil,
 (Since from that source alone my pleasures spring)
 The dearest wishes of my distant King.

In

In these hard scenes, O! give me to rejoice
 In the kind sanction of thy partial voice ;
 O! grant my soul its honest pride to raise,
 On the strong basis of my WILLIAM's praise :
 From that alone my little strength I draw,
 Thy smile my glory, and thy will my law.
 Think how this bosom at thy signet glows,
 Which I in agony of haste unclothe !
 How to thy letter my fond eyes I glue,
 Till tears of transport intercept their view !
 Then to my heart those vital lines are prest,
 Which breathe new being thro' my fainting breast,
 In which thy soul, from human fears refin'd,
 (The brightest copy of th' Almighty mind)
 Yet kindly melts with reconciling care,
 In generous pity of the load I bear.

Alas ! the burden of th' unbalanc'd state
 Sinks my faint soul with its increasing weight ;
 'Tis hard to keep the helm with this frail form,
 While men of sterner spirit dread the storm :
 Too weak this trembling hand that helm to guide,
 When smiling ocean spreads his smoothest tide ;

D

Think

Think then what agony my bosom rends,
 When the sky darkens, when the storm descends ;
 When each great effort of the crew is crost,
 And frantic terror cries, " The vessel's lost !"
 Yet, yet, I mount these cruel waves above,
 Buoy'd up by duty and superior love ;
 Tho' icy terror freeze my female heart,
 Thy Comfort yet sustains her trying part ;
 Her features yet her Country's fears beguile,
 Cast o'er their doubts a confidential smile,
 Bid them the firmness of this bosom share,
 And boast of courage—which I feel not there.

Dear, native Britain, noble, generous Land,
 Proud of that rescue which thy virtue plann'd ;
 As yet but half redeem'd, I mourn thy doom,
 To see thy glories shaken in their bloom ;
 To see proud France with fatal power suspend
 Thy great redemption and its peaceful end ;
 While He, whose saving hand thy laws proclaim,
 (Whose sight is safety, whose protection fame)

By

By distant slaughter from thy shores debarr'd,
 Must leave thy honour to so weak a guard;
 Who, tho' her soul thy sacred rights revere,
 Is still a feeble Being, born to fear.
 E'en those, O WILLIAM! whom thy care assign'd
 To sooth my terror and to shield my mind,
 Forget the weakness of my softer sex,
 With doubts alarm me, with dissensions vex;
 And shew, discolour'd by their dark surmise,
 Tremendous prospects to these aching eyes.
 Yet think not tamely I this breast resign
 To Fear's suggestions, so remote from thine:
 No; when th' infernal spirit of Despair
 Would seize my heart, and fix his fetters there,
 I strive that circle from his power to free,
 And break his baleful spells by naming Thee:
 Those scenes, more dreadful, I recall to view
 In which my Hero's infant glory grew,
 When trembling Holland first with transport saw
 The stern atchievements of her young NASSAU:
 I see the moment when her prostrate shore
 Heard, all in vain, her guardian waters roar,

Above those bulwarks saw her fate advance,
 Her shame, her ruin, in the host of France ;
 When all her sons would o'er th' Atlantic fly,
 And bear their Freedom to a brighter sky,
 Leaving those seats, their fathers form'd of yore,
 In ocean buried, and their name no more :
 When thus of every human aid bereft,
 E'en then thy Valour said—it still was left,
 To bid despotic Desolation strike,
 And fall with Freedom on her latest dyke !
 E'en then I see Thee, undismay'd, oppose
 The rising deluge of thy Country's foes,
 Oppression's torrent stem with nobler force,
 And bid her flood roll backward to its source ;
 See rescued millions on thy triumph wait,
 And hail thee Saviour of a sinking state !

While this bright image of thy rising fame
 Warms my fond heart, and animates my frame,
 My melting soul thus pours, with warmth like thine,
 Its adorations to the Throne Divine :—
 Thou God of Justice, whose sustaining power
 Has watch'd my WILLIAM from his natal hour,

O! since

O! since thy mercy mark'd him at his birth
 The just Avenger of the groaning earth—
 Since thy decrees, to strike the world with awe,
 Have rais'd him Guardian of thy purest law,
 While injur'd nations, in thy servant blest,
 Revive, and see their wrongs by him redrest—
 Complete thy mercies, and sustain him still,
 The glorious Agent of thy gracious will!
 And O! since, blest with his connubial care,
 'Tis mine the fortunes of his life to share;
 Since thy unquestionable mandates place
 My weakness in a scene that asks thy grace,
 O! let that grace with kind profusion flow,
 And teach this bosom with new life to glow;
 Heal every cruel wound of nature there,
 And bid my heart, a stranger to despair,
 While the storm rages, like the frightened Dove,
 Rest in the sacred ark of WILLIAM's love!—
 Thus rapt in solitude, in prayer retir'd,
 I find that succour which my soul requir'd;
 Peace, in soft visions, bids me sigh no more,
 And brings her olive-wreath, unstain'd with gore.

But

But ah! in vain these flattering visions rise,
 Far other scenes salute my waking eyes;
 E'en now, when Sleep, benignant Power, would shed
 His healing opiate on Affliction's head,
 Our citizens terrific vigils keep,
 And find that Tourville's name has murder'd sleep:
 England, dishonour'd by her guardian fleet,
 With shame, with anger, feels her bosom beat;
 Our city's growing fears, by rumour nurs'd,
 Rise into folly, into frenzy burst;
 And frantic Fancy sees her captive spires
 Sink in the blaze of Tourville's spreading fires.
 But fear, O WILLIAM! in my heart gives place
 To keen sensations of this deep disgrace;
 Warm'd in thy bosom, I from thence have caught
 Some little portion of thy glorious thought,
 Of Honour's spirit, Freedom's holy flame,
 Contempt of cowardice, and scorn of shame!

Unhappy England! who hast mourn'd in vain,
 Thy coast dishonour'd by this naval stain;
 May thy white cliffs, that tinge the silv'ry flood,
 Behold the stain effac'd in Gallic blood!

And

And thou, proud vessel of stupendous mould,
 Emblazing ocean with thy breadth of gold,
 Thou France's naval pride, Imperial Sun*,
 Swift o'er thy shrouds may flames of vengeance run!
 Thy boasted bulk may English thunders rend,
 And thy pale streamers to the deep descend!
 May Britons see, while shouts of joy they raise,
 Thy gorgeous fabric in their lightnings blaze;
 And, blazing, shed on their illumin'd shore,
 Glories more bright than it eclips'd before!

My bosom thus with love of England fraught,
 My spirits mount in that ennobling thought;
 Tho' a just God may check our erring pride,
 I still, O WILLIAM! in his care confide:
 Life, safety, peace, from this idea springs,
 That thou art Soldier to the King of Kings;
 That thy great actions make his mercies known,
 Thy fame his glory, and thy cause his own!—
 But should that God, a guilty world to awe,
 His chosen Warrior from its aid withdraw;

* The name of Tourville's ship, at that time the finest in the world.

Should He—But hence, distracting image! hence,
 Nor shed thy poison on my wounded sense.
 Yet in these minutes, that so slowly roll,
 When expectation fills the busy soul,
 And thinks each moment, with our King, to share
 Conquest or ruin, triumph or despair,
 Impatient Doubt, with stronger Fear combin'd,
 Strikes from its center the unbalanc'd mind;
 Yet e'en these hours I labour to beguile,
 To make Suspence's frozen features smile,
 And from disquietude my heart to free,
 By thus unfolding all that heart to thee.

He comes! thy Courier!—on affection's wing
 I fly to catch the tidings of my King!—
 O joy! O bounteous Heaven! O blessed hour!
 Delight that drowns expression's feeble power!—
 Great God of Battles! whose high will has shed
 This signal glory round my Hero's head,
 O! while thy praise, in hymns of triumph sung,
 Fills the glad earth, forgive my faltering tongue,
 Survey my soul, accept its silent prayer,
 And see thy mercies all engraven there!—

And thou, my Lord, my Life, dear Victor, say,
 What words my transport can to thee convey :
 I write, but tears th' imperfect line destroy,
 And every thought dissolves in floods of joy !
 What awful scenes, what images arise,
 In swift succession to my wond'ring eyes !
 Thy wound now shakes my shudd'ring heart with fear,
 Thy shouts of victory now strike my ear ;
 I see afflicted Angels staunch thy blood,
 I see thee plunge in Boyne's immortal flood,
 I see thee lift thy leading sword on high,
 The cruel sons of persecution fly ;
 I see the rout ;—but, in that flying band,
 One sacred head—O ! stretch thy saving hand !
 O ! for thy MARY's sake, in mercy spare !—
 Forgive this vain unnecessary prayer,
 The weakness of that heart with pity see,
 Which recommends Humanity to thee :
 As well might Man, proud offspring of the dust,
 Enjoin the God of Justice to be just ;
 For O ! my WILLIAM ! in thy godlike breast
 Celestial Mercy is a constant guest :

E

No

No vain, ambitious, sanguinary pride,
 No bigot fury is thy frantic guide;
 Heaven's purest law, and Man's most sacred right,
 Lead thy mild spirit to the wasting fight:
 Like some pure Seraph, who, by Heaven enjoin'd
 To search, to punish, to correct mankind,
 With sweet reluctance wields his flaming blade,
 With pity views the waste by Justice made;
 And, pleas'd the voice of Penitence to hear,
 Drops on each wound a salutary tear:
 Such, in the storm of war, thy virtues shine;
 The welfare of the world thy great design.
 While Mercy bids admiring nations own,
 Thy sword her weapon, and thy heart her throne,
 My love need only to thy thought commend
 One dearer life, which, mighty God! defend;
 For, of the many lives that ask my prayer,
 None but thy own will want thy constant care:
 Learn from thy wound—Alas! its terrors still
 Thro' Triumph's glowing bosom strike their chill.

From thee, protecting Heaven! this boon I crave—
 From one, the worst of woes, thy servant save;

Ne'er let me see, condemn'd to lose my all,
 The Pillar of the Public Safety fall;
 Condemn'd to weep my guardian spirit flown,
 And wander thro' an empty world alone.
 Sooner, much sooner, let some kind disease
 This yielding frame with baleful fury seize;
 These terms will reconcile my struggling breath
 To the dread summons of impending death:
 Perchance, when all my latest pangs have ceas'd,
 When this soft spirit is from earth releas'd,
 Perchance thy Guardian Angel may resign
 The life of WILLIAM to a love like mine;
 Or kindly deign so dear a charge to share,
 And own I watch thee with a fonder care.
 O! shou'd th' all-wise, all-gracious God decree
 To rend, by early death, this frame from thee,
 To early death this consolation give,
 Say that I still shall in thy memory live;
 Nor there, O WILLIAM! not e'en there alone,
 O! bid my fondness, like thy fame, be known;

Let distant ages—(if not sunk in shame,
 Ages most distant must revere thy name)—
 Let distant ages, by thy virtue free,
 My love engrafted on thy glory see,
 Preserv'd from Time and Envy's hostile shock,
 To bloom immortal on that sacred stock.

But Heaven yet seems indulgent to bestow
 A lasting union on our loves below;
 Our promis'd meeting of dear-bought delight
 Fills my fond soul, and dawns upon my sight;
 Thy foes dispers'd, thy fainting friends reliev'd,
 All the great duties of thy sword atchiev'd,
 Thou hast no cause in distant realms to stay,
 And wound expecting fondness by delay:
 Come then, blest Victor! come, our dear Defence!
 While strong impatience strains our aching sense,
 Soon let me clasp, in thy embraces blest,
 My glorious Warrior to my glowing breast!
 Hang on thy lips, and with delight explore
 Thy great atchievements on Ierne's shore!

Come,

Come, thou prime care of the propitious Sky!
Hither on Victory's rapid pinions fly!
Fly to these arms! and, while from them disjoin'd,
Still let this truth be present to thy mind—
Th' all-searching Spirit in no heart can see,
A love surpassing what I bear to thee.

F I N I S.



[22]

Some, then, prize one of the
Mother on virgin's and I prize
fly to the world and while I prize
Still for the world to prize to
It all feeling of the heart
A love feeling of the heart to

THE END